'Twill bring you gaine, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap. The gaine I ſeeke, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch,
But now *Baptiſta*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was ſutor firſt.
Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
Then words can witneſſe, or your thoughts can gueſſe.
Gre. Yongling thou canſt not loue ſo deare as I.
Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper ſtand backe, 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that flouriſheth.
Bap. Content you Gentlemen, I will compound this ſtrife
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize, and he of both
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
Say ſignior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the City
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *tirian* tapeſtrie:
In Iuory coffers I haue ſtuft my Crownes:
In Cipres cheſts my arras counterpoints,
Coſtly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine linnen, Turky cuſhions boſt with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and braſſe, and all things that belongs
To houſe or houſe-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-ſcore fat Oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
My ſelfe am ſtrooke in yeeres I muſt confeſſe,
And if I die to morrow this is hers
If whil'ſt I liue ſhe will be only mine.
Tra. That only came welll in: ſir, liſt to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely ſonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leaue her houſes three or foure as good

Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Beſides two thouſand, Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull Land, all which ſhall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?
Gre. Two thouſand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall haue, beſides an Argoſie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, haue I choakt you with an Argoſie
Tra. Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no leſſe
Then three great Argoſies, beſides two Galliaſſes
And twelue tite Gallies, theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offreſt next.
Gre. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,
And ſhe can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me ſhe ſhall haue me and mine.
Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promiſe, *Gremio* is out-uied.
Bap. I muſt confeſſe your offer is the beſt,
And let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your owne, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him where 's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cauill: hee is olde, I yong.
Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?
Bap. Well Gentlemen, I am thus reſolu'd,
On ſonday next, you know,
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the ſonday following ſhall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this aſſurance:
If not to Signior *Gremio*:
And ſo I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gameſter, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his waining age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not ſo kinde my boy. *Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten: